

The New York Times

MID - WEEK PICTORIAL

*Impressive Pictures of Picardy Wounded
Briton—Teuton—Gaul
Sixty-Four Striking War Pictures*



British and German Wounded Proceeding to the Rear.
(© International News Service)

How the Somme Campaign Has Progressed.



The region of the British and French offensive north and south of the Somme River in Picardy is shown in this map, which pictures the territory in perspective. The heavy black line running south from Arras indicates the zone from which the Allies' drive was started. The first phase of the advance, at the end of the first fortnight's fighting, is shown in the extension inclosed by the dotted line. The shaded portion beyond this dotted line indicates the

present extent of the advance. As this line changes from day to day no attempt has been made to show its smaller indentations. As will be seen, the greatest advance in the recent fighting has been along a line from Thiepval to Ginchy and embraces the important towns of Pozieres and Longueval. The British hold the northern end of the line and the French the southern, the junction of the two forces being at Hardecourt.

(Drawn for The New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial; © 1916.)

THE INDIES WE PROPOSE TO BUY

By Judson Stuart



KING STREET IN CHRISTIANSTAD, THE CAPITAL, ON THE ISLAND OF ST. CROIX.
(Press Illustrating Co.)

A CHECK for twenty-five million dollars is soon to be paid to Denmark by the United States for the transference of ownership in three tiny island dots which form mere dots on any map of the Caribbean Sea. The pending purchase will bring under United States ownership St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, which are but a trio of tiny specks in the blue water a little east of Porto Rico. Small as they are, these islands of the Danish-West Indies are an important way station of Atlantic Ocean traffic.

The island of St. Thomas is known by mariners the world over as "The Roadhouse of the Ocean." There isn't a seafaring man of experience who hasn't visited St. Thomas at some time or other. It is a free port and a coaling station, and is directly on the way to South America on the route around the Horn and to Central American ports; and it is the gateway of the Caribbean Sea.

Even Columbus, with an entire hemisphere of shore line dead ahead, couldn't seem to miss this ocean way station, and he landed there on his second voyage in 1493, on St. Ursula's Day. He named the group the Virgin Isles in honor of good St. Ursula, not for the Madonna, as many believe.

Time was when these three islands had a decidedly bad name, and when it wasn't safe to visit them unless one had a couple of pistols in his sash, a knife between his teeth and a kerchief bound around his head, like the other virates that infested those waters. The famous—or infamous—old "Blackbeard" and his brother "Bluebeard" made these islands their headquarters, as did the late unlamented Captain Morgan and the redoubtable Captain Kidd, who never left a clue to his buried treasure.

The pirates of the Virgin Isles were finally driven away by the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the English adventurers who established settlements in the



The fine harbor of St. Thomas near the town of Charlotte Amalie, the finest harbor in the Lesser Antilles.
(© Underwood & Underwood.)

islands; but for years afterward it was no uncommon sight to see a vessel come scooting into the harbor at St. Thomas under full sail, blazing away with her stern guns at some pursuing pirate sloop, and there were instances when the pirates boldly ventured into the harbor and gave battle. But a combination in restraint of pirate trade finally took the profit out of their business and the custom of hanging them from yard arms at the same time took much of the pleasure from their enterprise.

To return to the early decades of the islands' history: After Columbus had marked his quaint old map with three dots and nonchalantly given the islands to Queen Isabella, he doubtless forgot them; nor did the Spanish authorities care to settle the islands. But at the time the Pilgrim Fathers were laying the foundation for that famous quip about first falling upon their knees and then upon the aborigines, the venturesome Dutch came along and made settlements on all three of these islands. They might have been there now but for the tempting bargain they found further north, of all Manhattan Isle for twenty-four dollars. The Dutch departed to found New Amsterdam.

For many years after that the three saints—St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John—had a rather hard time of it, as it was impossible to make certain who owned them. The Spanish established settlements and were driven out by the English; some Frenchmen came along and moved the English out. Then, in 1671, a party of Danes occupied St. Thomas. Nearly fifty years later they extended their settlements to St. John, and in 1733 they bought St. Croix (or Santa Cruz) from the French. Since that time these islands have had a fairly peaceful existence under the control of the Danish Crown.

There is one blot on the Santa Cruz's scutcheon, the insurrection of 1878. There are nine blacks to one white on



A VIEW OF THE LAND-LOCKED HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS FROM THE ISLAND'S ONLY PORT.
(© Underwood & Underwood.)

this island. In 1848 slavery had been abolished, but the lot of the blacks was not greatly improved, as they were forced to sign a contract each October to work a year for 10 cents a day in money and 10 cents worth of food per day. For thirty years this went on, and the blacks, who got their freedom three years before the Danish Crown intended to grant it because of a threatened insurrection, remembered that success. In October, 1878, not a contract was signed on St. Croix. The planters and tradesmen were frightened and shuttered their windows, and hid, first sending a swift sloop to St. Thomas for the soldiers. Dancing the weird steps their forefathers knew and singing the wild chants of Africa, the blacks marched about demanding 20 cents a day. Sing-

ing is thirsty work, so they broke into a rum shop. The combination of angry black men and Santa Cruz rum is bad. By nightfall the great warehouse was hurned, cane fields were going up in smoke, and half the houses on the island were in flames.

In the morning a planter rode bravely into town, forgetting that these ex-slaves had tasted power. Maddened by the loss of his estate, he rode straight into the mob, lashing right and left with his whip. For a moment the habit of generations of slavery caused the blacks to slink back; then one man, his cheek laid open by the lash, leaped at the bridle of the white man; another seized the stirrup. In an instant it was over—a swirl of half-naked black forms, the piercing shriek of a dying horse, the

awful cry, half scream, half curse, of a human in the throes of a fearful death, and it was done! Seized with panic, the mob fled. A bundle of red-stained, muddled clothes lay in a sickening heap on the cobblestones.

There is no record of the deeds done that day; the dense smoke veiled the things that followed. Strangely enough, that red stain slowly thickening on the cobblestones marked the spot where the only white victim fell. Satiated with their wild orgy, there was a lull, and then—the prayed-for troops arrived. There were only 200 of them, and a day before they would have been helpless before the 6,000 savages; but now reaction had set in. Frightened at their own daring, the blacks fled before the soldiers. Swiftly and relentlessly

they were hunted down, and no man captured was allowed to live. There is no record of the number that satisfied with their lives the whites' thirst for vengeance; but tales are told of great heaps of black forms out in the smoldering cane fields, to be buried later with scant ceremony. Presently, under sanction of law, six hundred dark figures writhed helplessly in the air, suspended from rude gibbets, silhouetted against the sunset.

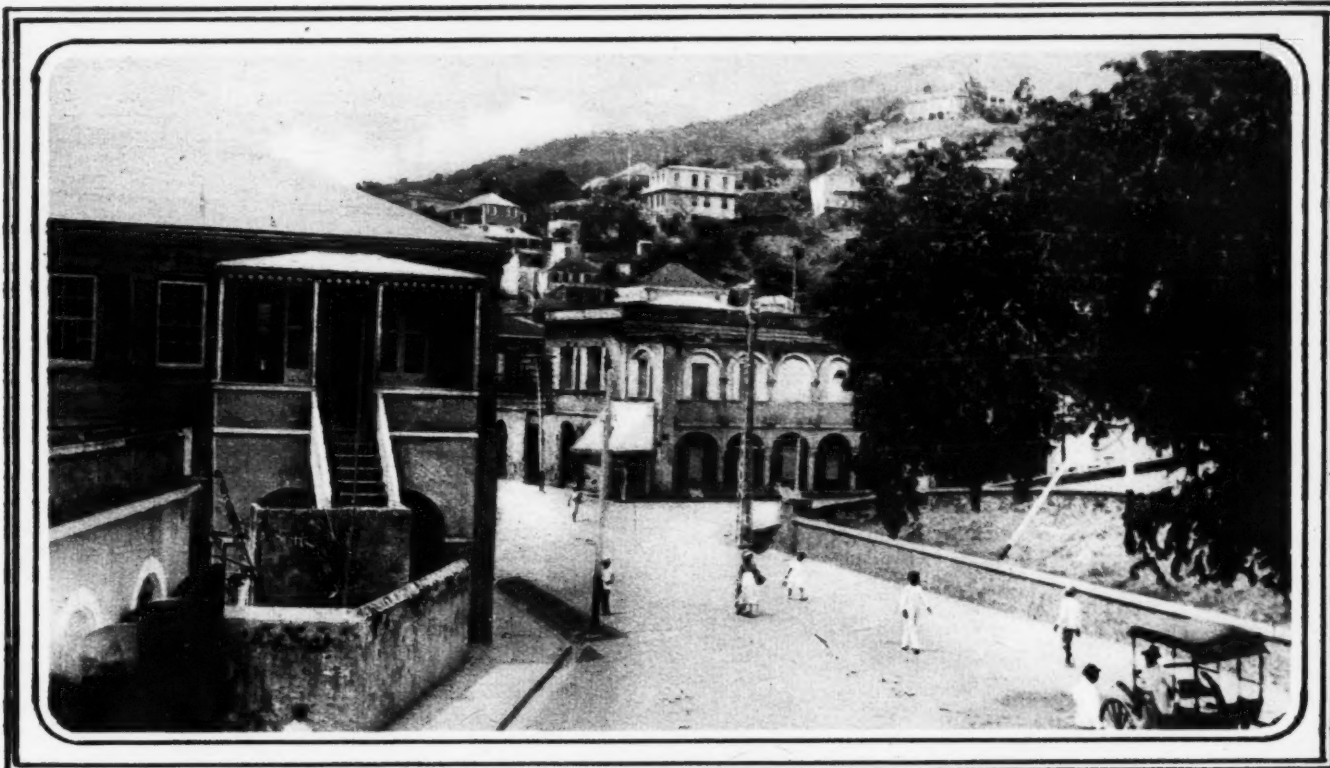
All that is history. Today the blacks are fairly contented. They are glad to become citizens of Uncle Sam, believing their lot will be better—as it undoubtedly will—and the possibility of another insurrection on any of the islands is decidedly remote.

Next to Gibraltar, declare military



HARVESTING A SUGAR-CANE CROP ON ST. CROIX
(Press Illustrating Co.)

authorities, the Danish West Indies form the most strategic spot in the world. They guard the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, the eastern gate to the Panama Canal, and one of the most traveled of ocean highways. It has been said that if we had owned these islands at the time of our war with Spain we would have occupied Porto Rico within a week, stopped Admiral Cervera before he got to Martinique, and saved at least \$10,000,000 and some lives. This may or may not be true; it is difficult to prove. But it is true that even if these were barren islands they would be worth almost any price to us as a naval base and coaling station and for outer fortifications. President Lincoln recognized this strategic worth and tried to buy the islands. Denmark wanted \$15,000,000. Lincoln bargained with her, and Denmark agreed to sell for half the price. Denmark was eager to sell, but was fair enough to put the proposition to a vote of the residents of the islands. About nine to one were in favor of it. Negotiations ran along into the Johnson Administration and then the United States Senate lost a golden opportunity by refusing to ratify.



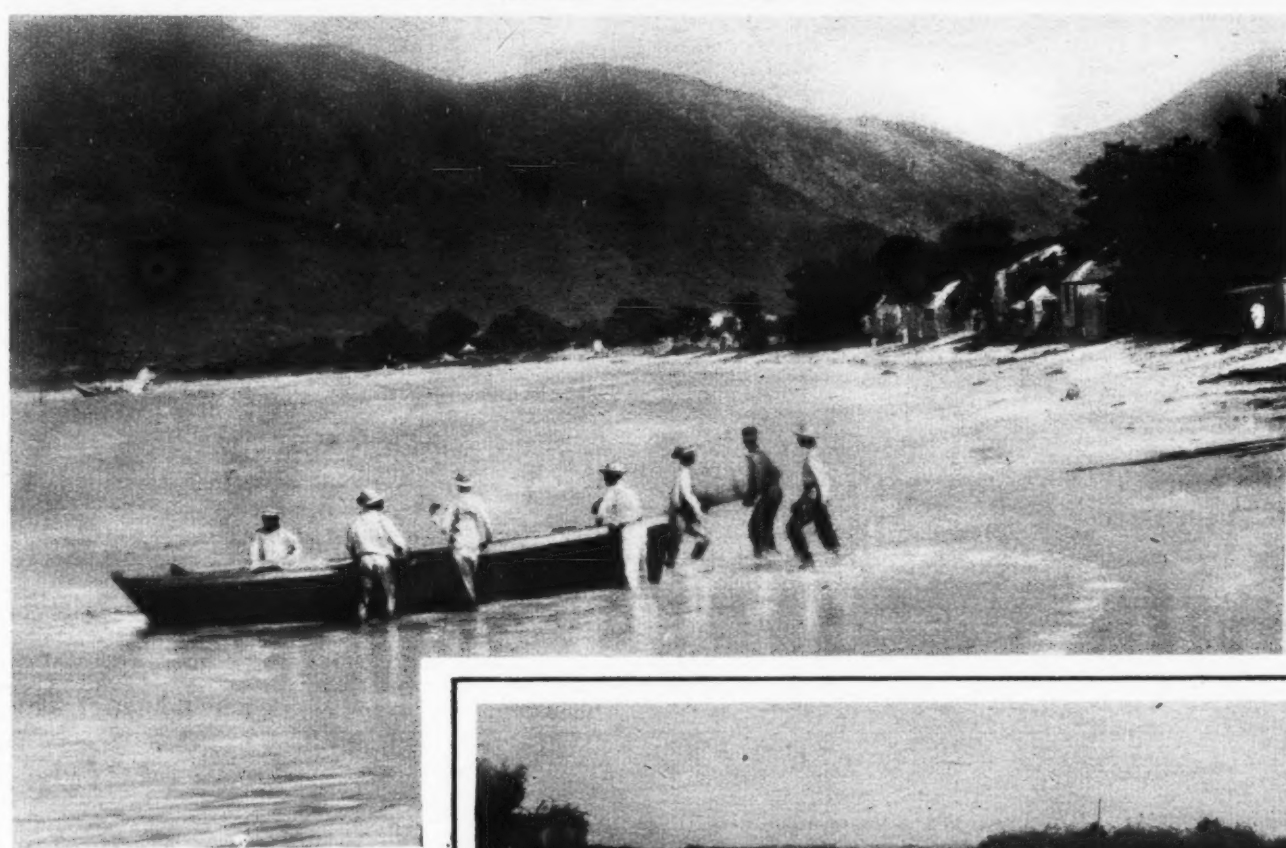
A view of the Danish city of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas, one of the commercial centres of the Antilles.

it brings a better price under that name.

Undoubtedly Uncle Sam can make the islands pay well, since there will be no duties on their products. Denmark cannot make them pay; in fact, the three Saints have always managed to keep their mother country in debt. Hot country fruits need a cold country market; but Europe is rather far away. As a part of United States territory, the market problem for the islands would be solved with good profits.

These islands are not famed, but should be, for their coconuts. The very finest in all the world are grown there, as every one of the 34,000-odd residents can testify, and these coconuts grow over practically all of the 138 square miles which constitute the total area of the three islands, an area, by the way, nineteen miles smaller than that of the City of Philadelphia.

The harbor at St. Thomas, the Roadhouse of the South Atlantic, the commercial centre of the Antilles, is a natural wonder, with from thirty to ninety feet of clear water, girt round



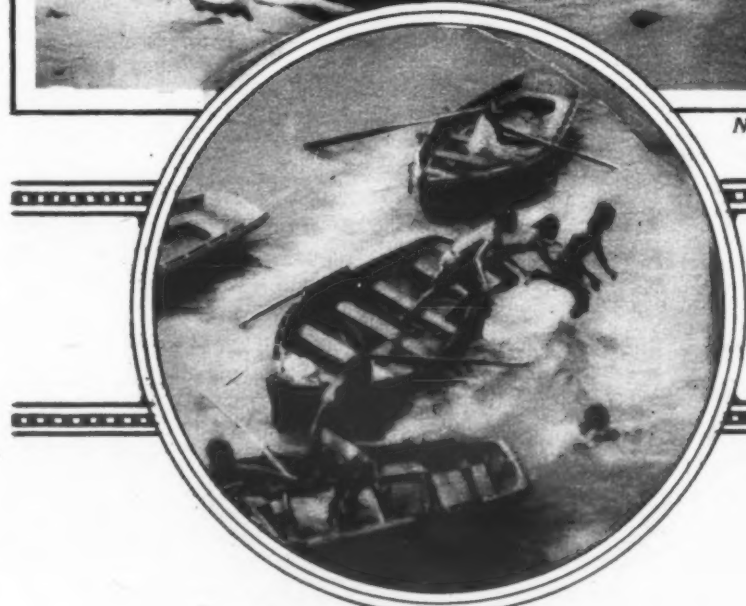
Landing goods on the beach of St. John, which is without a deep-water harbor.

In 1892 another attempt was made to buy the islands. Denmark was again willing, so willing, in fact, that the price was reduced to between four and five millions. But something happened. It was said that Emperor William of Germany brought pressure to bear—and this hasn't been denied—with such success that Denmark finally agreed to hold the islands. Perhaps Germany could see in the United States' possession of these islands a decided bulwark for the Monroe Doctrine. This time the price was boosted to five times the 1892 figure, and this is the amount stipulated in the present negotiations.

Sugar is the principal industry on these islands. Santa Cruz is the big agricultural island, low and fertile. Unfortunately it has no harbor. One couldn't get so much as a paper of pins ashore or so much as a loaf of sugar out to a ship without getting his feet wet in the dangerous shoals. Another big industry is the manufacture and sale of Santa Cruz rum. There was even a time when distillers in this country used to ship much of their rum to the island to be labeled on its return "genuine Santa Cruz rum." Much of the bay rum your barber carelessly lets trickle into your eyes comes from these islands, as does also a great quantity of the "Florida water," so called because



Native women washing clothes in the river, St. Cruz; this is the only one of the islands to boast rivers and a mountain range.



Native divers in the harbor of St. Thomas.
(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)

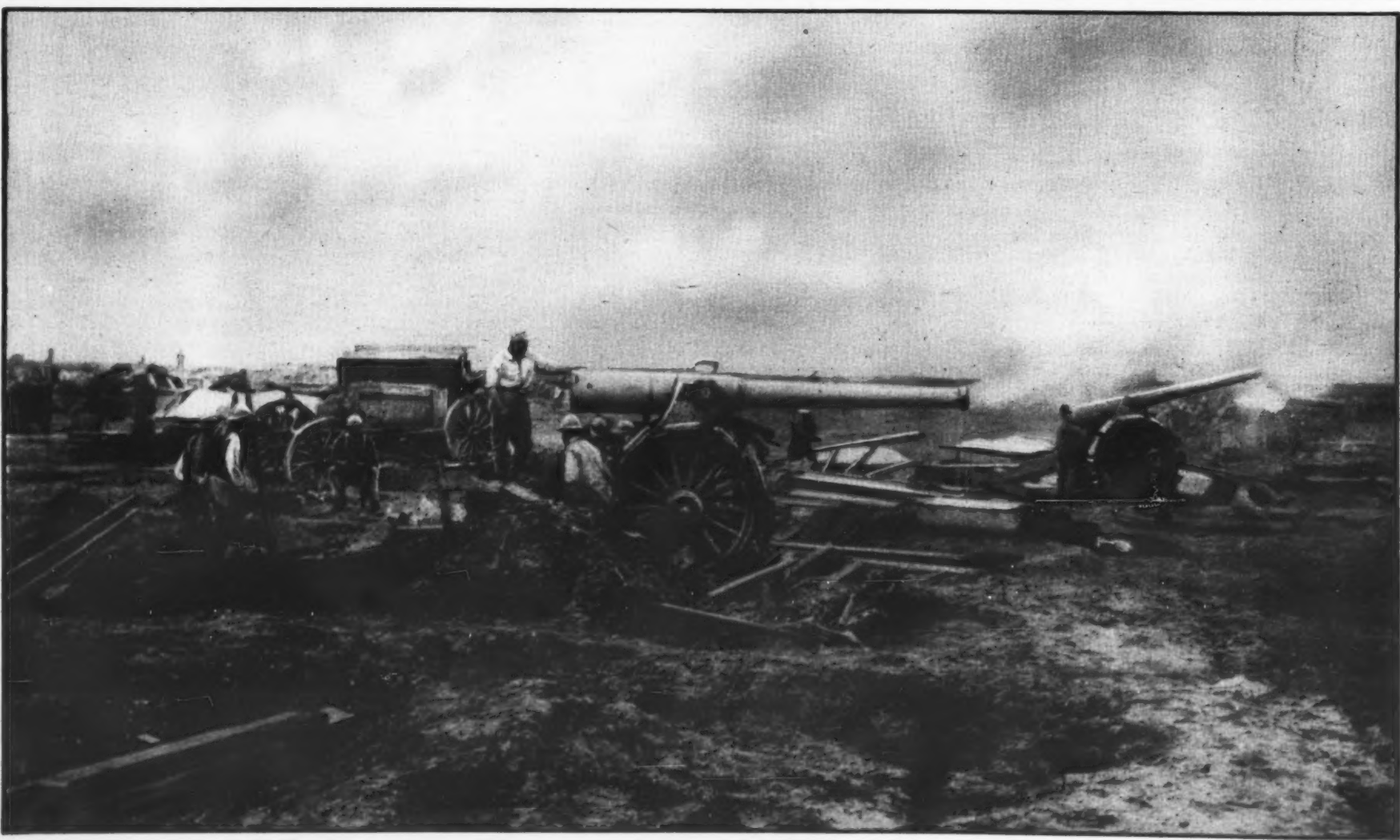
about three-fourths of the circle, with mountains and towering headlands, while the narrow channel is guarded with treacherous reefs and shoals. Fortified, it would be practically impregnable.

The climate of the islands is by no means torrid. Being so small and so well out at sea, breezes sweep every part of them, and the nights are delightfully cool. But sometimes these breezes develop into tornadoes that sweep away all the native huts and half of the frame buildings as well. These storms do not occur very often, however, the last one having been in 1898.

Allied Operations on Recaptured Territory



A French transport column passing along a road built through the area of the German first-line trenches captured by the Allies in the battle of July 1 on the Somme.



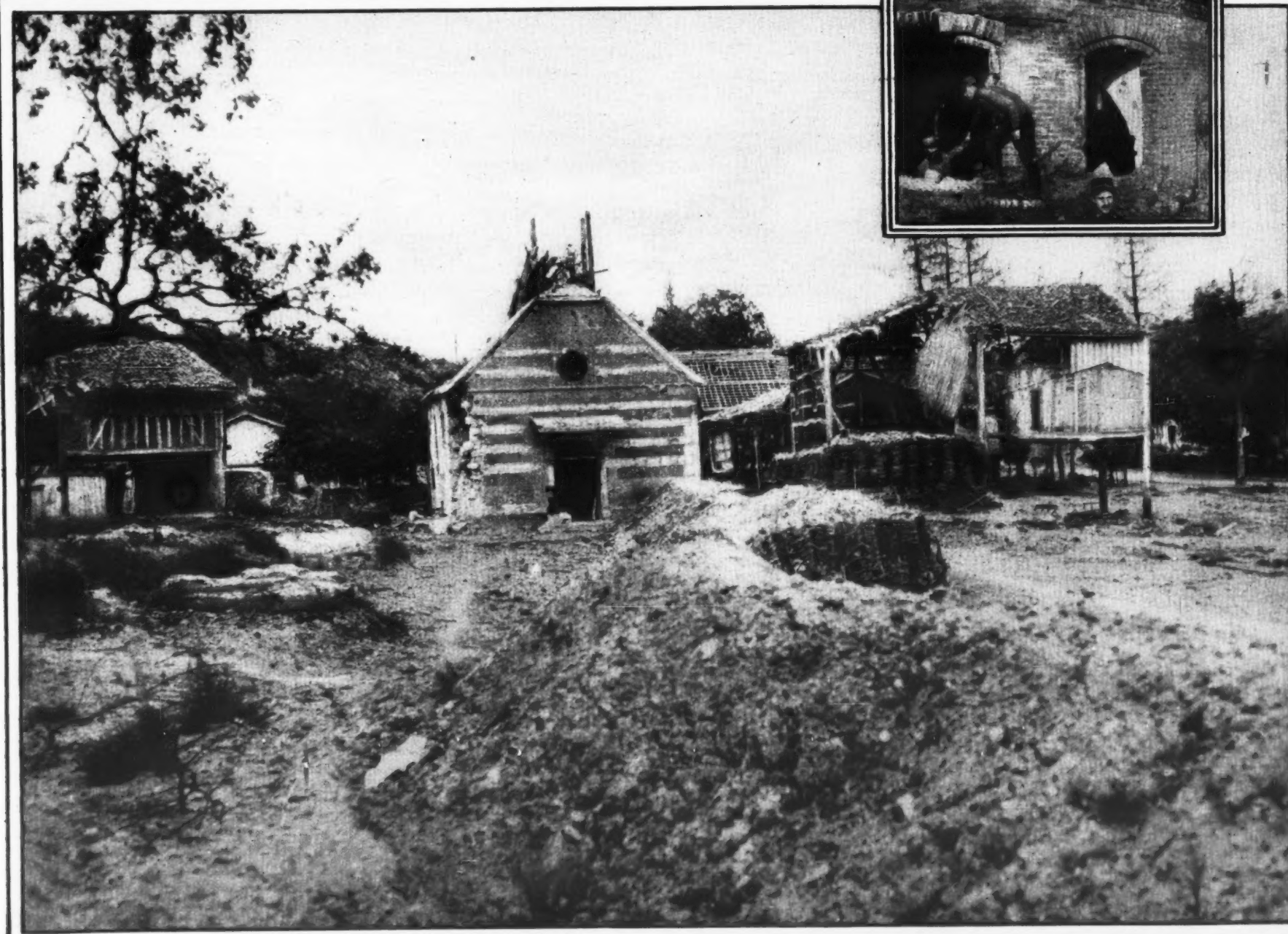
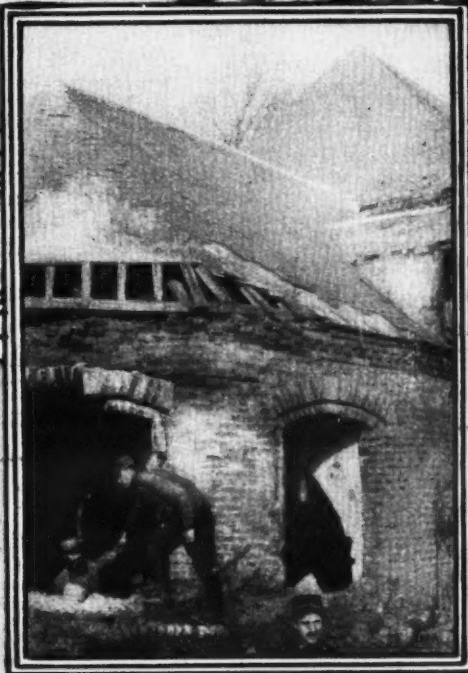
French guns of 155 millimeters have been brought forward to the ground won from the Germans, and are here seen in action against the new German positions further east of the Somme.
(Photos, Paul Thompson.)

Fighting Through Villages on the Western Front



The village of Fricourt, through which the Allies fought their way in the first drive of the Somme advance; there was hand-to-hand fighting through the houses of this, the main street.

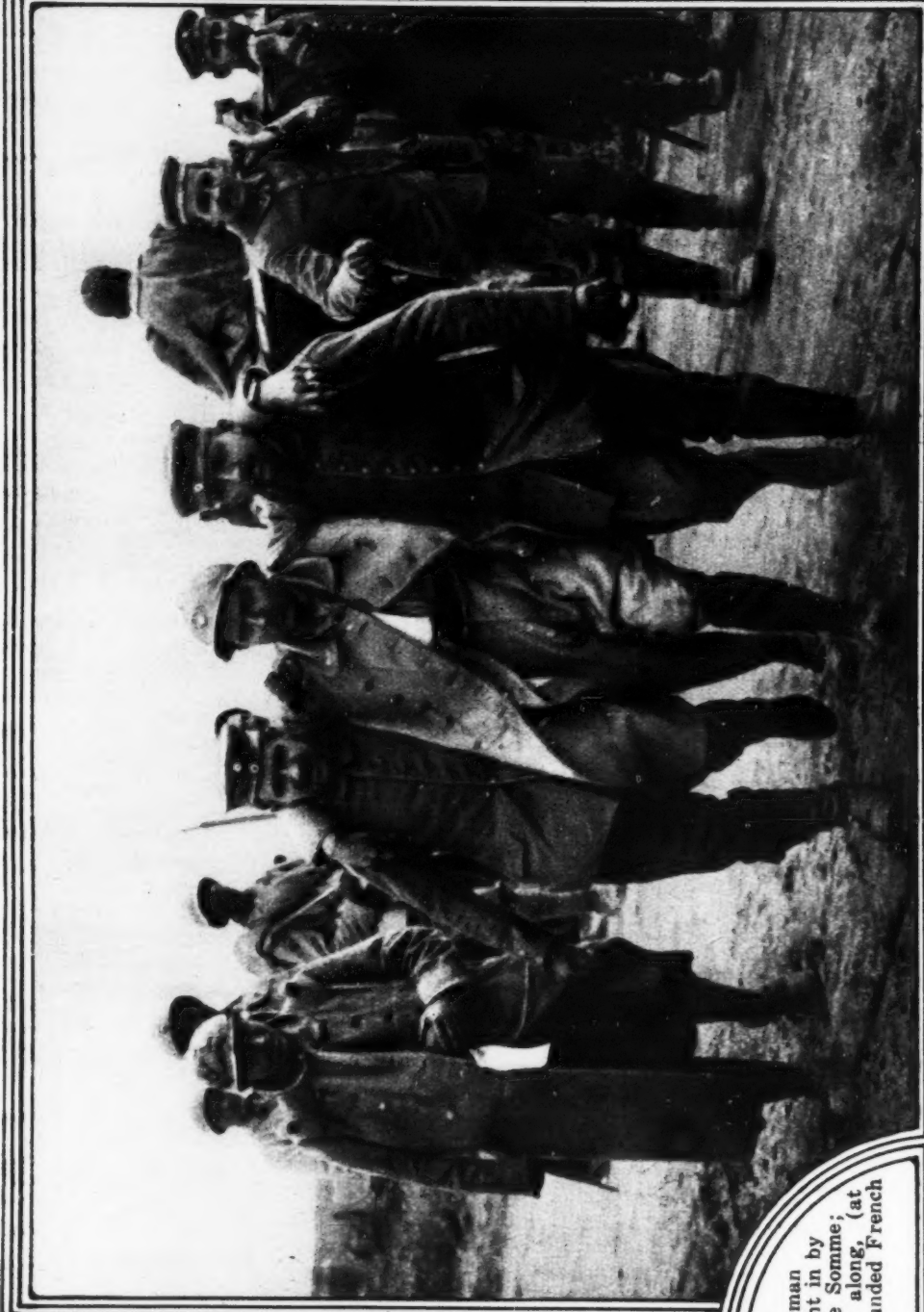
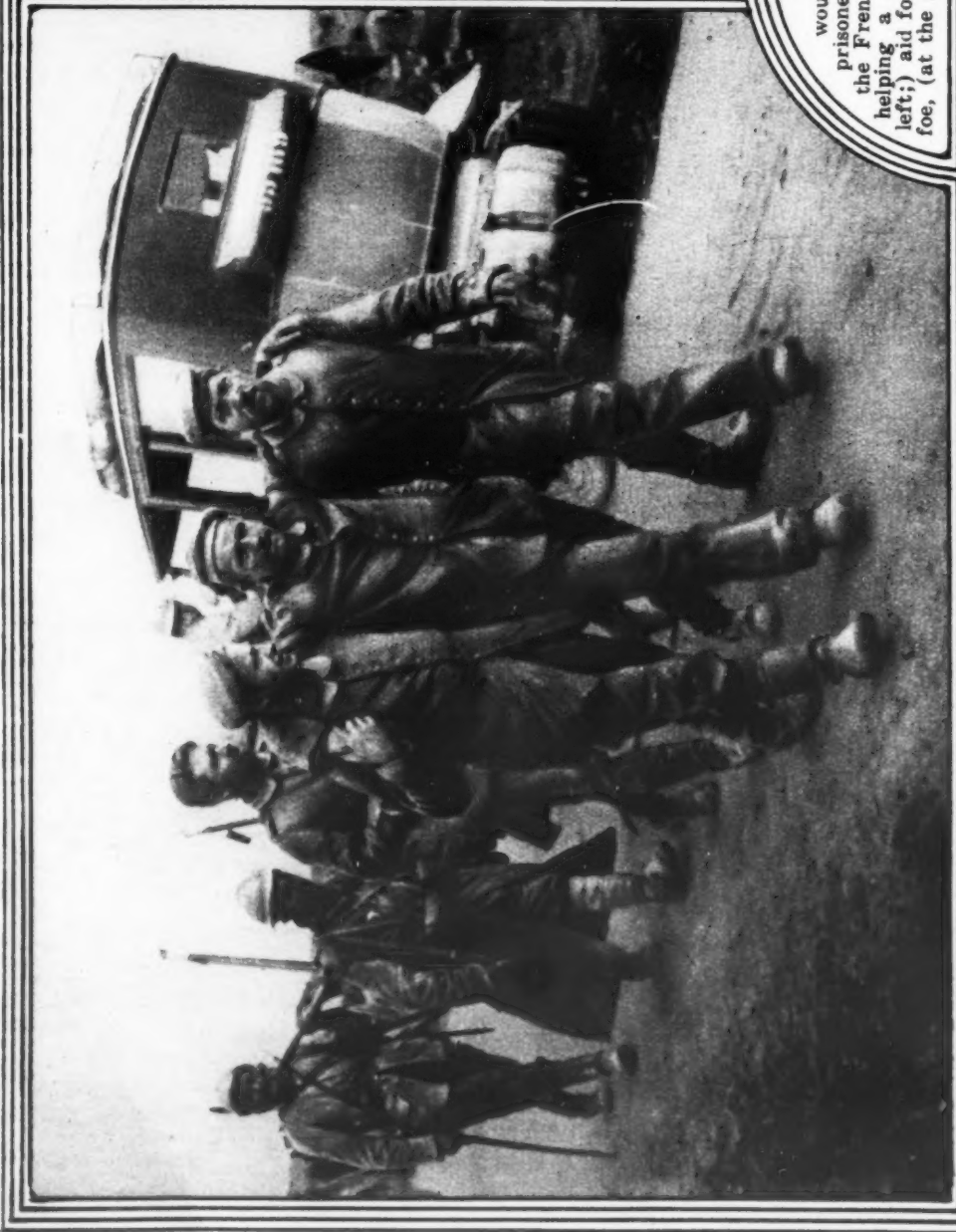
(At right) French soldiers exploring the cellars and subterranean caverns of a village from which the foe had been driven in desperate fighting the day before.



The remains of a village along the River Somme, showing how, by the aid of walls and breastworks, the outlying buildings are turned into very fortresses by the troops. The inability to capture positions of this nature sometimes halts an advance. This fortress was wrested by the French from the Germans.

(Photos from Paul Thompson, Press Illustrating Co., and © American Press Association.)

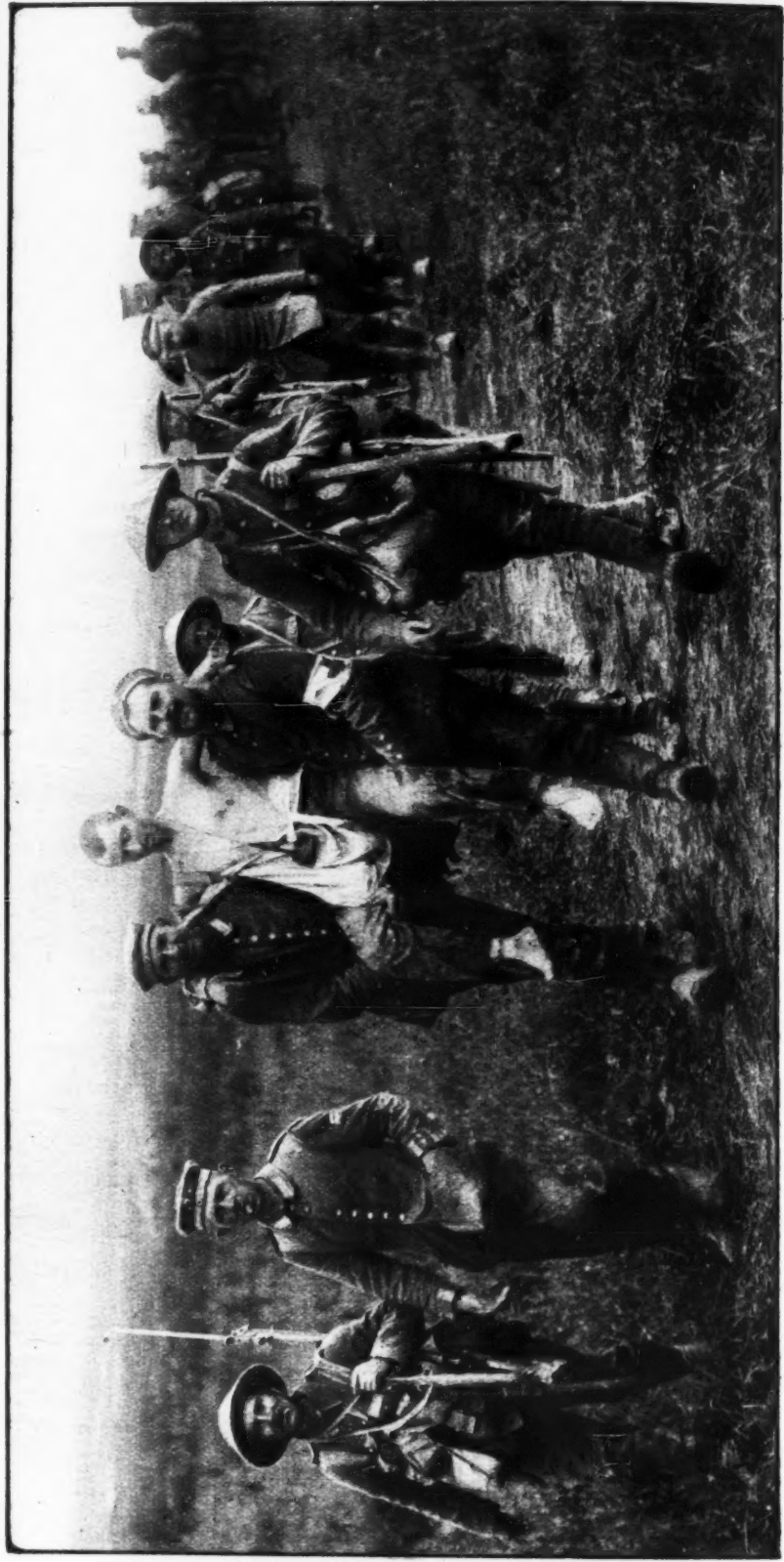
When a Man's Wounded—Aid for Friend and Foe Alike!



Lightly wounded German prisoners brought in by the French on the Somme; helping a comrade along, (at left;) aid for the wounded French foe, (at the right.)



UNWOUNDED GERMAN PRISONERS BEAR THE LITTER OF THIS YOUTHFUL FOILU.
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



INTO THE BRITISH LINES COME THE GERMAN PRISONERS, SOMETIMES CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED.
(© International News Service.)

UNWOUNDED GERMAN PRISONERS BEAR THE LITTER OF THIS YOUTHFUL FOILU.
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(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



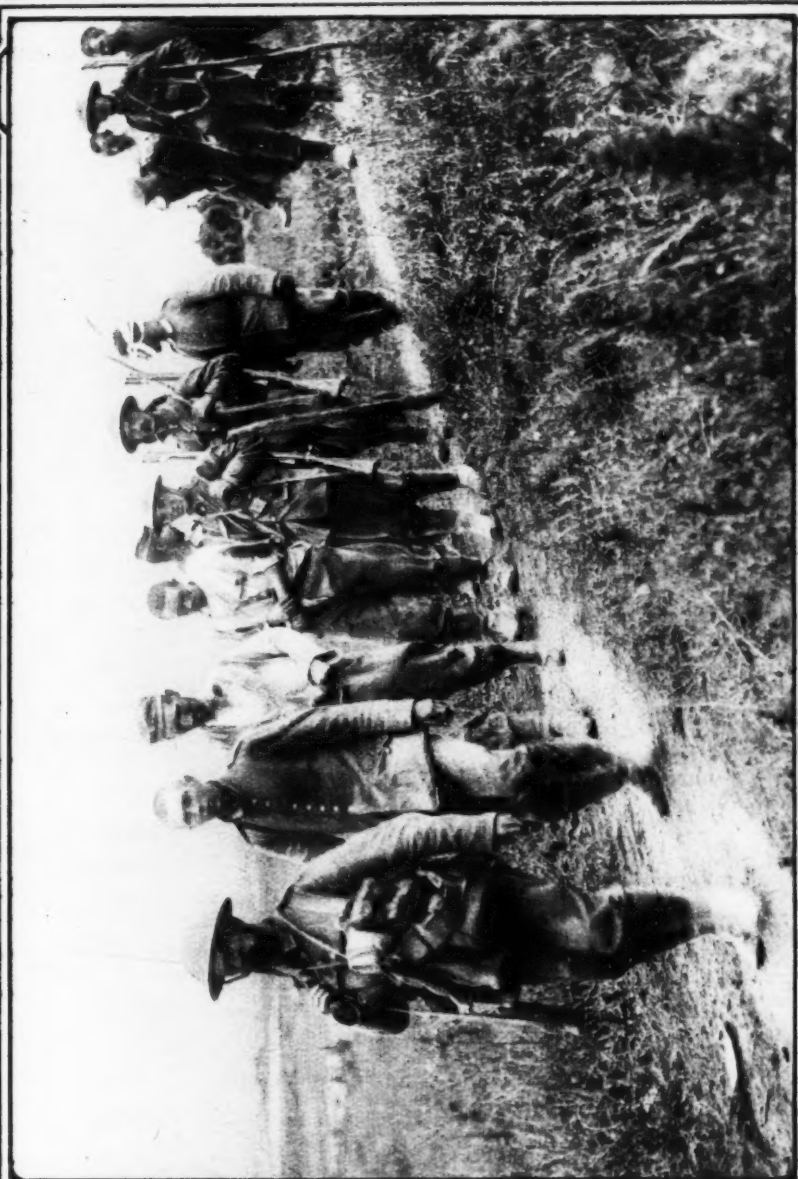
TOMMY ATKINS BRINGS THEM IN A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.



A HALT, AND A DRINK FOR THE WOUNDED FOE, WHOM TOMMY IS HELPING SUPPORT.



THE GRAVE AND THE GAY: ON THE WAY TO THE REAR AT LA BOISELLE AFTER THE BRITISH ADVANCE



FRUITS OF VICTORY: GERMAN PRISONERS BROUGHT IN BY THE BRITISH AT MONTAUBAN.

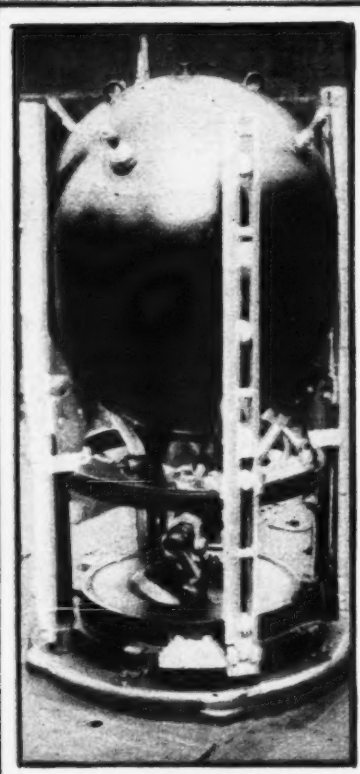
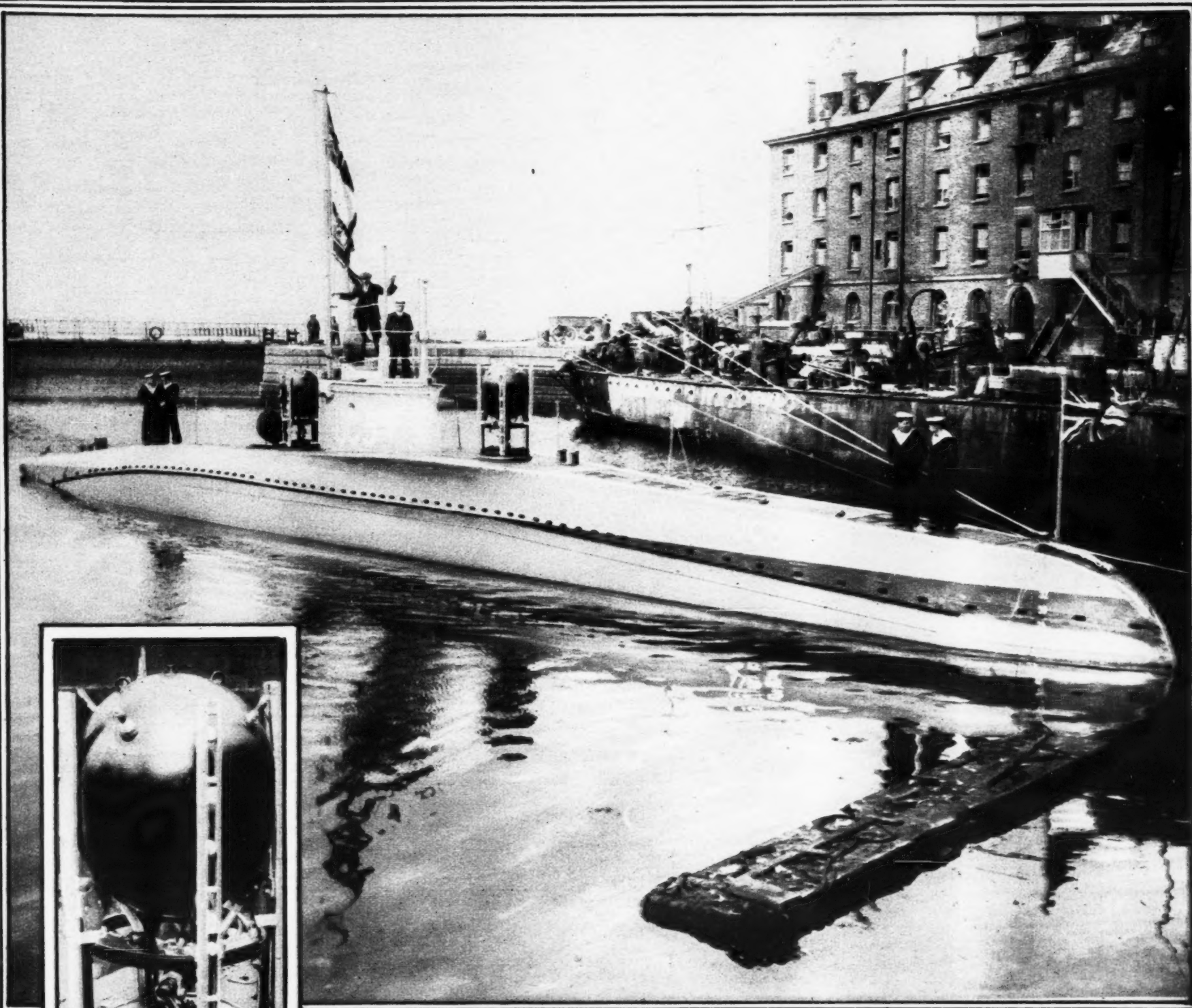
(Photos © International Film Service.)

The Ubiquitous Joffre, Who Is Everywhere at Once, at the Front



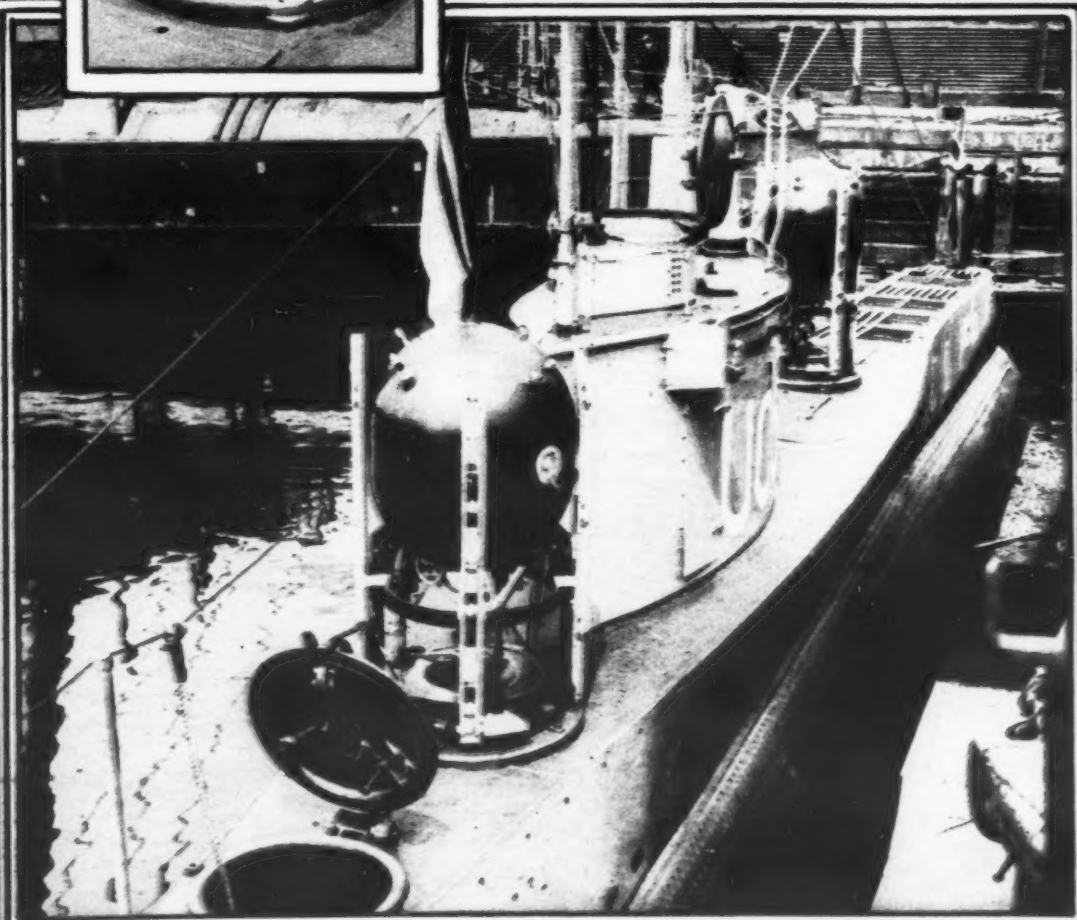
The French Commander in Chief, General Joffre, followed by Generals Fayolle and Berdoulat, emerging from a communication trench to take their places in an observation post from which they can watch the movements of the Germans in their trenches. This picture was taken on July 9 on the bank of the River Somme.
(Underwood & Underwood.)

The German Mine Laying U-Boat Caught by Great Britain

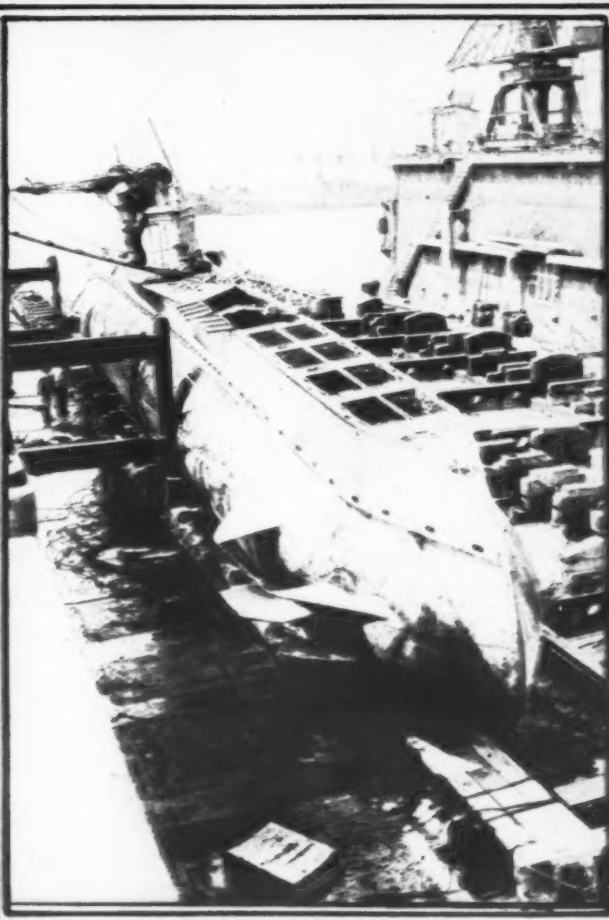


A mine in place in apparatus on the deck of the submarine, ready to be released.

The captured mine-laying submarine UC-5 in a British dockyard basin, with the British ensign floating over the German naval flag.



The amidship section of the UC-5, showing the conning tower, upper deck, and two mines in position to be released.
(Photo © International Film Service.)



The submarine in dry dock at a British navy yard. In the compartments under the grating the mines were kept.
(Photos © Central News Service.)

A Potpourri of Photographs from Many War Zones



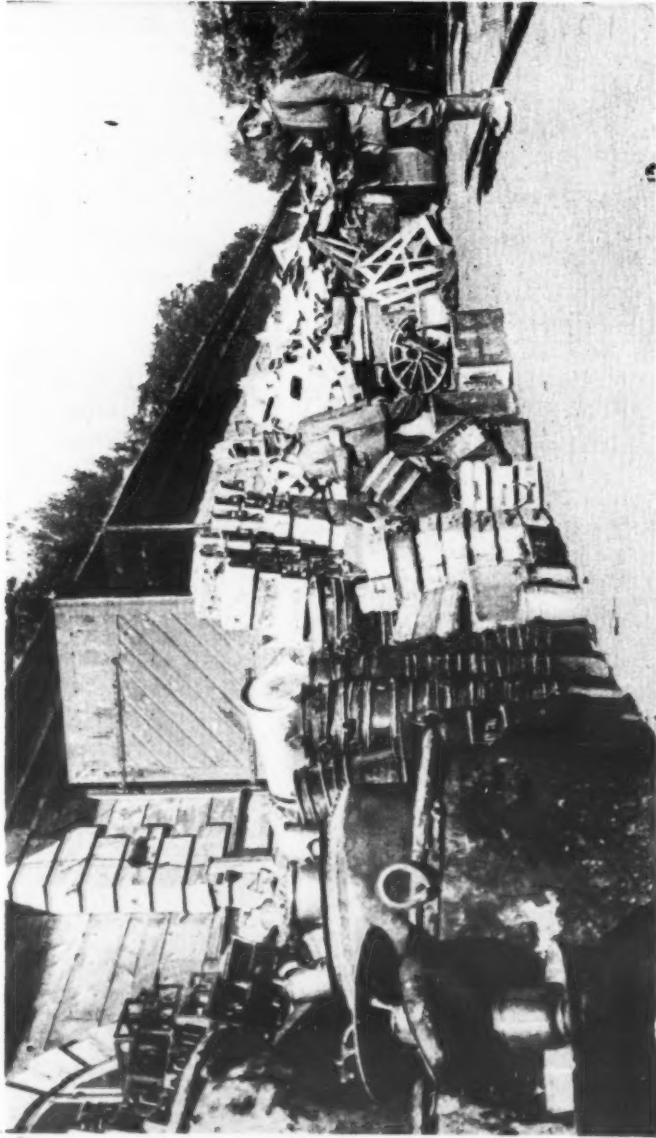
Greek workmen blasting a military road through the hills on the Saloniki front.



With the Russians in Armenia; the removal of wounded on river barges.



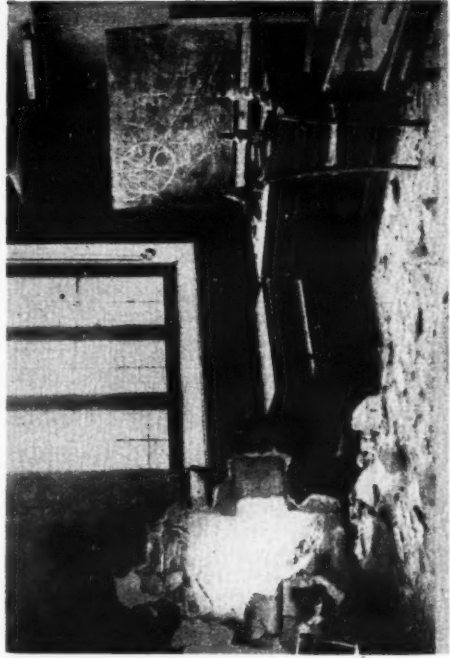
Major Churchill, the brother of Winston Churchill, in a British army post in Greece.



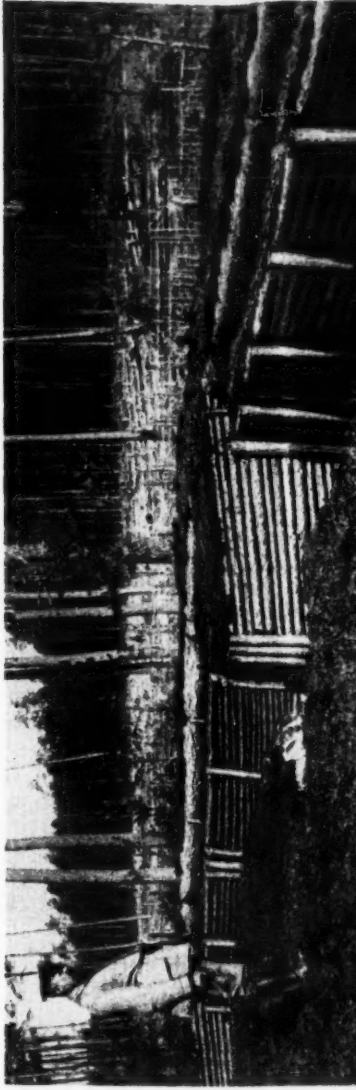
German war booty taken on the Eastern front before the present Russian drive.



Military training for German boy scouts; teaching them to dig trenches, near Berlin.



An interrupted school term; the classroom in a North France schoolhouse in a village within the war zone.





In German East Africa; a cosmopolitan crowd of refugees aboard a liner at Dar-es-Salam.



A British submarine off the French coast; its wake when under the gas motor.



A reserve trench in the German emergency defense lines back of the present fighting line in France.



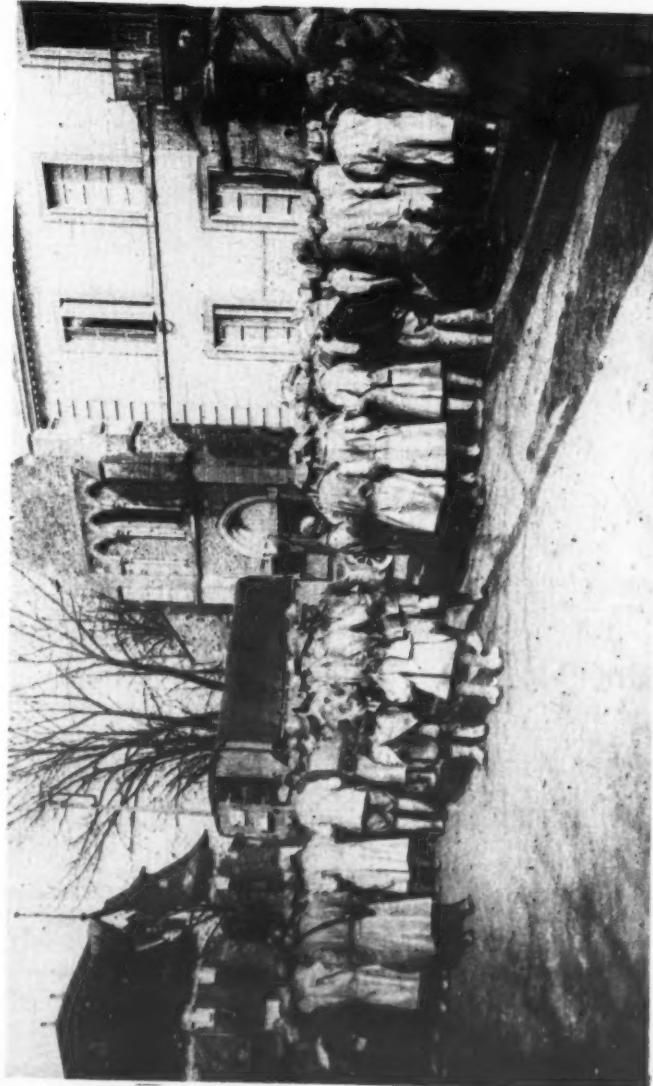
Austrian officers captured by the Russians during their great drive through Bukovina.



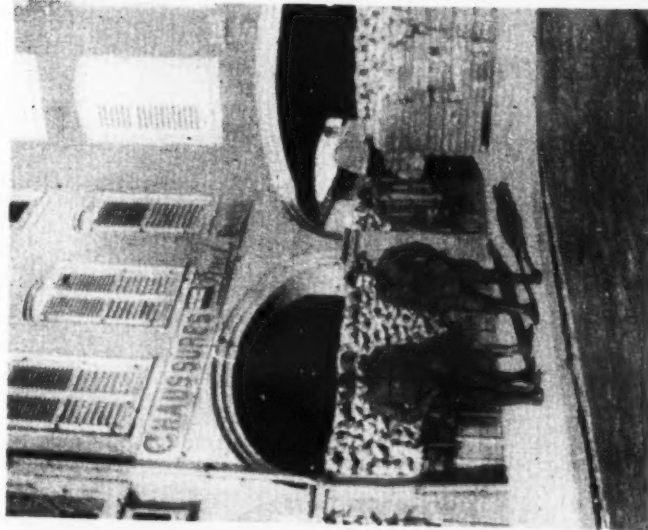
Mortars and pestles of earthenware furnished by the German Government to druggists who have given their brass utensils to be melted down for war munitions.



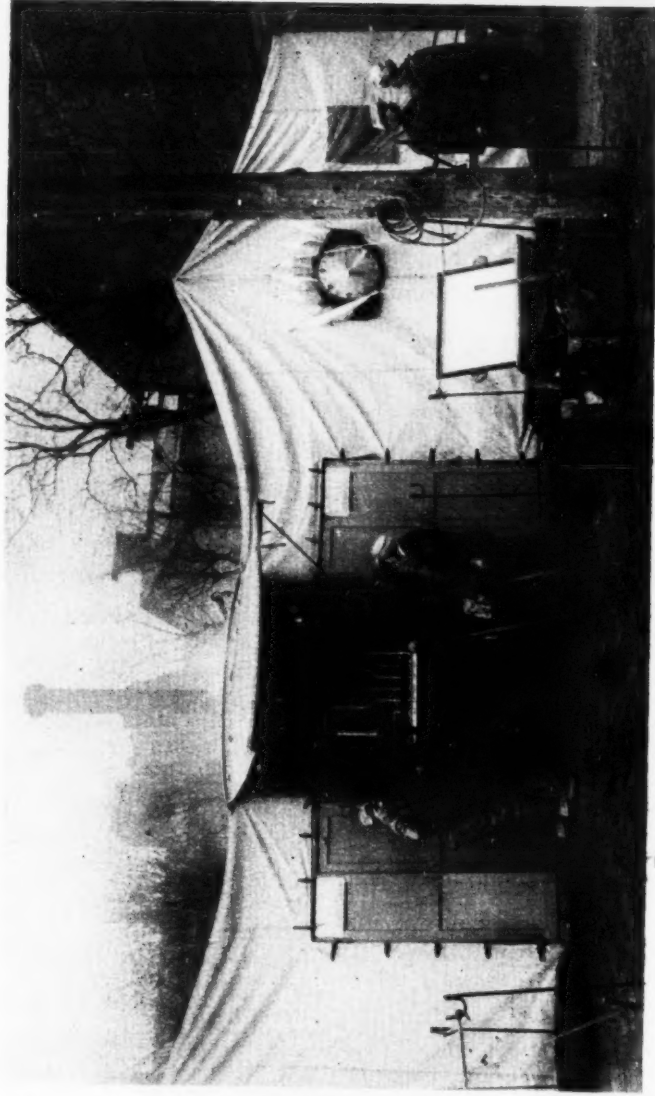
Felicitations on a good shot; sharpshooters in the British trenches in the north of France.



French soldiers at the front buying periodicals and goods from a traveling wagon bazaar.



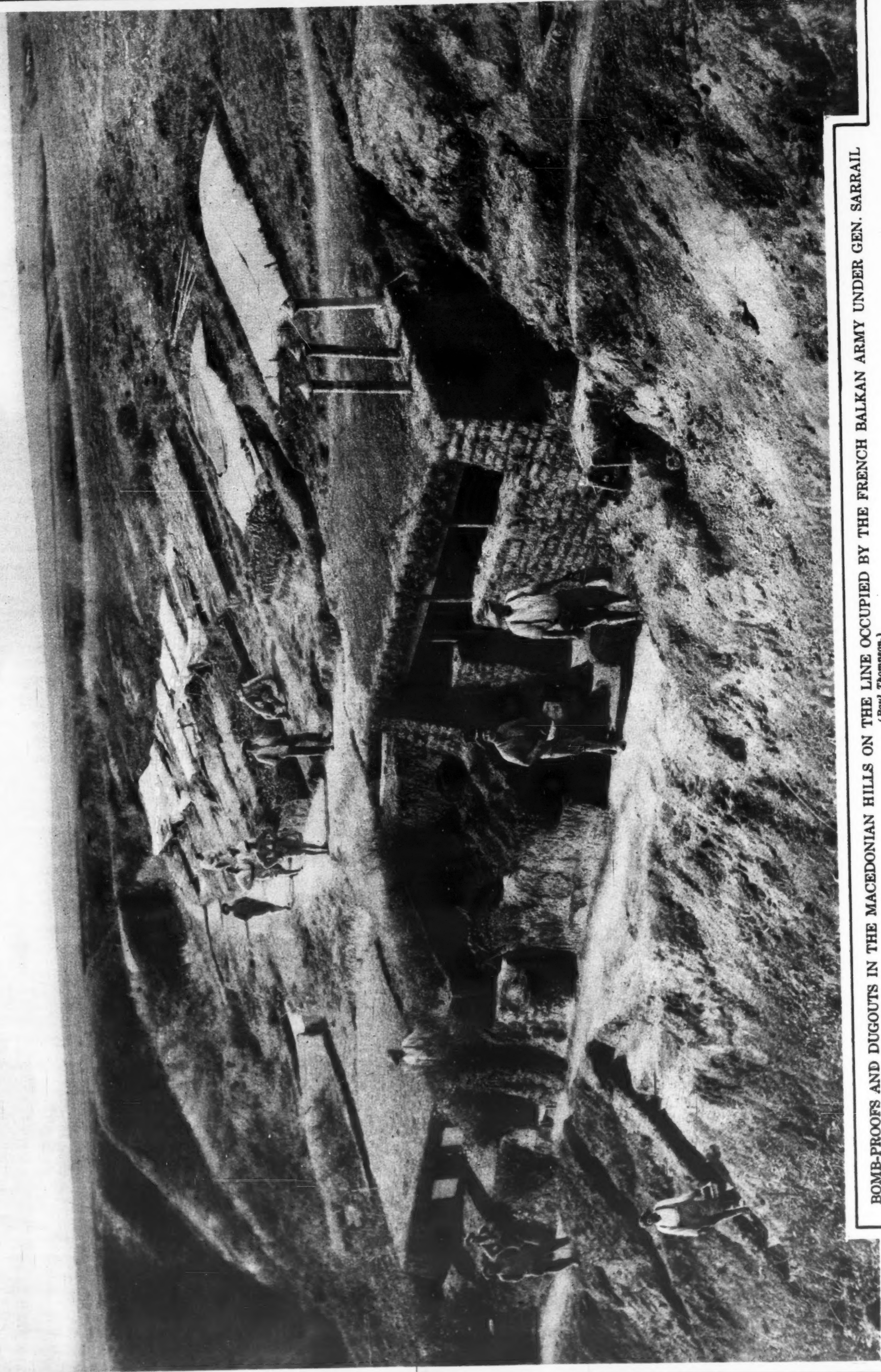
American ambulance men in the Place Duroc at Pont-a-Mousson, their headquarters.



Presented by Russia to the French Army; a motor car bath pavilion with waria shower baths.

Photos by Press Illustrating Co.; © American Press Association; © International News Service; © International Press Exchange; Paul Thompson; Feature Photo Service; Medem Photo Service; Central News Photo Service; and C. H. Tylor.)

In the Region Where the Next Allied Offensive May Be Started



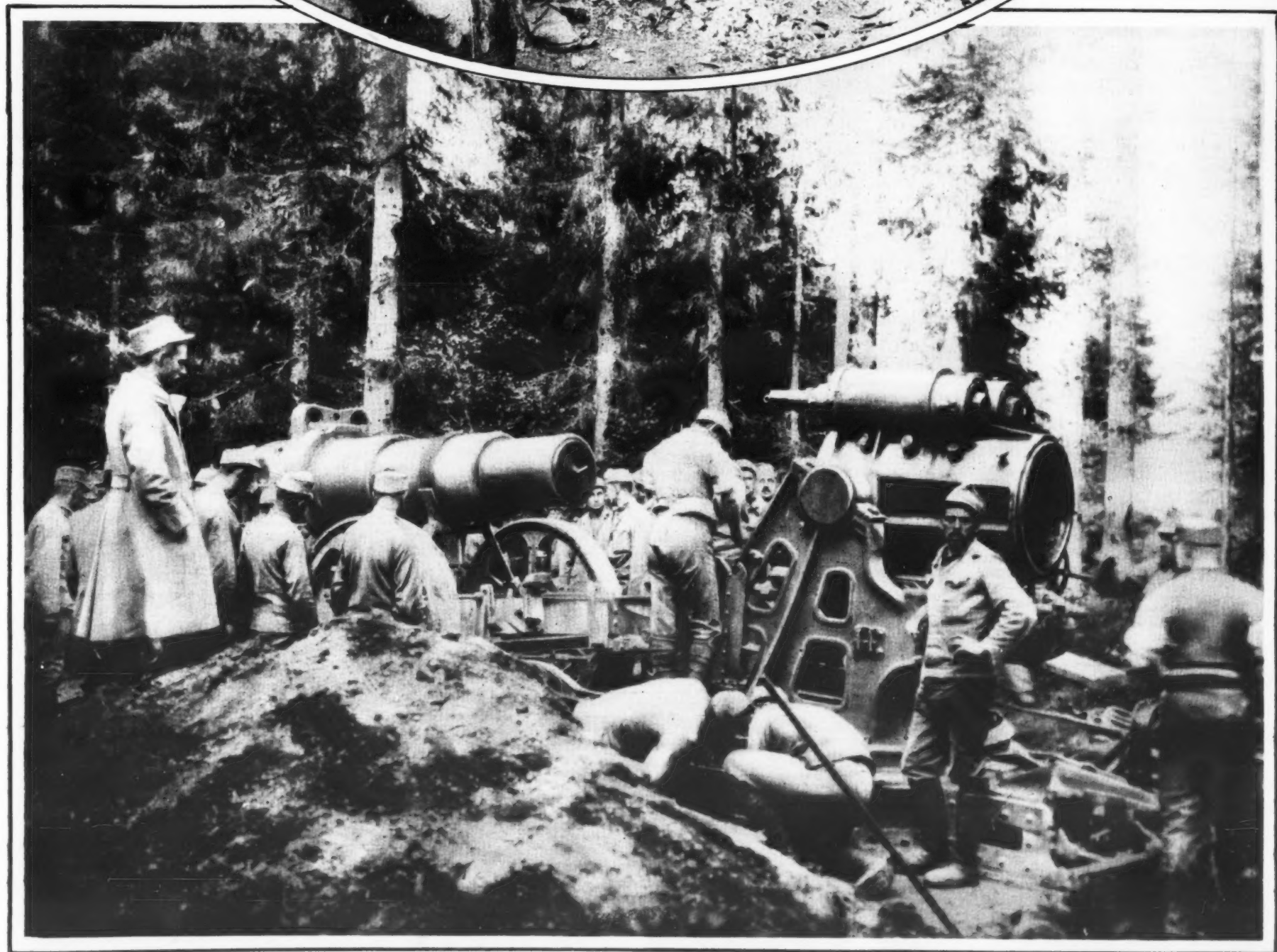
BOMB-PROOFS AND DUGOUTS IN THE MACEDONIAN HILLS ON THE LINE OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH BALKAN ARMY UNDER GEN. SARRAIL
(Paul Thompson.)

With Hand Grenade and Mortar — Italian and Austrian



In the trenches on the Astico. An Italian soldier in the act of flinging a hand grenade into the Austrian trenches.

One of the batteries of Austro-Hungarian mortars in position on the Alpine battle-line in the Tyrol.



(Photos © American Press Association and from Underwood & Underwood.)

French Colonials in the Armies of Joffre

By Charles Johnston

BY an odd and charming coincidence the foreign elements in the armies of France are bound up not only with the personal adventures of France's greatest leaders in the great war, but with the finest work of Frenchmen of genius throughout two generations. So it happens that, instead of being merely "colored men," like our own gallant twenty-three in Mexico, the exotics in the French Army find themselves the raw material of romance.

Take France's oldest colony among those which have contributed largely to her present forces: Algeria, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. Who can think of Algeria without instantly bringing to mind the astounding adventure there, of Tartarin, whom Alphonse Daudet designed as a modern Don Quixote, but who is, rather, the living monument of a quite different type, the short, stout type of fiery Meridional, to which so many warriors and poets have belonged. From Algeria, and from contiguous Morocco and Tunis, come soldiers of France, drawn from among the most warlike and valorous races in history; from the times of Jugurtha, which Sallust has chronicled, down to the Middle Ages of Europe, when for generations the Moors engaged in a long close grapple with the finest armies of Europe, and, in that long contest, gave birth to some of the most splendid works of literature, like the Song of Roland, and the whole cycle of poems wreathed about Roncevalles. The great intellectual fire that once illuminated the Moors seems to have burned itself out in their



MEN
OF
TUNIS
AND OF
MOROCCO
AT A
CROSSROADS
NEAR THE
FRONT IN FRANCE.



ALGERIAN SPAHIS IN THE FRENCH ARMY. THE MEN ARE WATCHING AN AEROPLANE.
(Photos, Underwood & Underwood.)



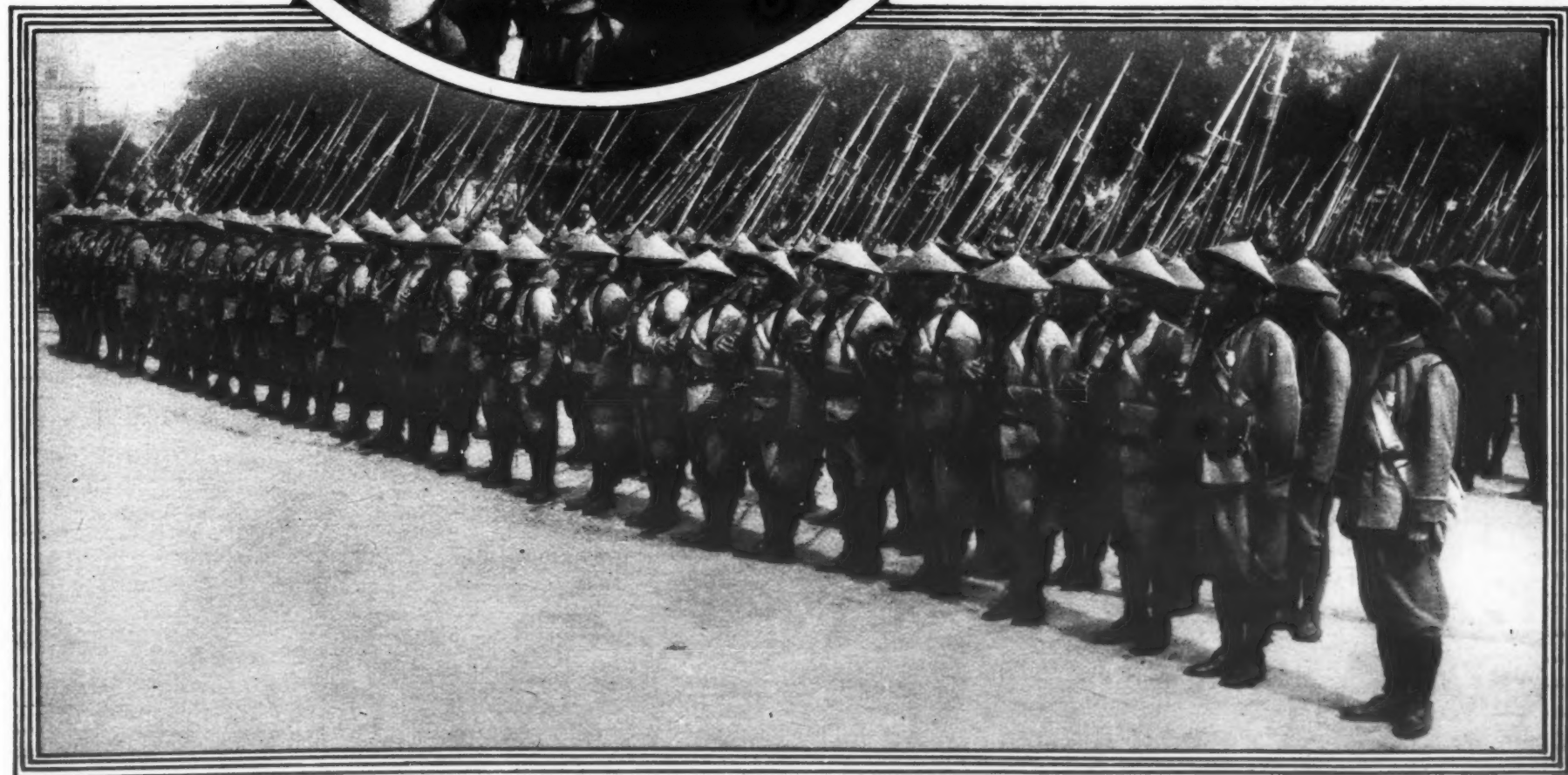
A
COLUMN
OF AN-
NAMITES
PASSING
THROUGH
A SMALL
VILLAGE OF
SOUTHERN FRANCE.

days of Spanish rule, but their military prowess remains. Especially in bayonet work their personal fearlessness and a touch of Moslem fatalism make them formidable.

Even more exotic and picturesquely Oriental are the French troops recently recruited in Tonkin, the Far Eastern colony of France, over against the Philippine Islands. But the Tonkinese are not kindred of any of the many races of our islands, whether among those converted by the Spanish monks, or those who, as Moslems, were called Moros by the early Spaniards, who thus quite inaccurately gave to these Malays the name properly belonging to the Moors of Morocco; or the still heathen races who perpetuate the fetichism of Celebes or Borneo. The Tonkinese are kindred, not of the Malays, but of the Siamese, the southern Chinese, the Burmese. They have a far higher indigenous civilization than any of the Malay races, with an alphabet and a literary culture which probably came from India.

If Algeria suggests Alphonse Daudet's hero, Tartarin of Tarascon, then Tonkin suggests the overluxuriant, almost morbidly exotic, but deeply poetical writings of France's sailor-genius, Commander Viaud, known to the world as Pierre Loti, a nickname he picked up among the Polynesian Islands, as recorded in "The Marriage of Loti," which is one of the earliest and one of the best examples of his heartless sentimentalism. Loti has written much and well of Tonkin and its neighboring lands; his "Journey to Nagkon-Wat" is one of the best books that ever came out of the Far East, and his penetrating sympathy with the exotic feeling, aspiration, dreams and visions of these remote peoples has given us some of the most beautiful pages of modern literature.

Perhaps the greatest of French soldiers among the present warriors whose names are connected with Algeria are General Lyautey and General Marchand. But without doubt the most eminent of those who have made recent history in Tonkin are the late General Gallieni, the present War Minister, General Roques, and the Generalissimo, Grandpa Joffre himself. All three served for several years in Tonkin, and it is amusing to remember that Joffre once gained distinction by organizing a very successful and very charming exhibition of Oriental arts and crafts to illustrate the handiwork of the people of Tonkin. It is pleasant to think of the victor of the Marne handling eastern silks and brocades, delicate vases and fans, with the same



FROM COCHIN CHINA THESE MEN OF ANNAM HAVE COME TO FIGHT IN THE ARMIES OF JOFFE.
(Photos, Underwood & Underwood.)



CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE--ALGERIAN CAVALRY--IN THE FRENCH ARMY; THESE MEN ARE EXPERT HORSEMEN.
(Underwood & Underwood.)

gentle and serious thoroughness with which he now plans the defence of Verdun or the offensive along the Somme.

The names of Gallieni, Joffre and Roques are equally connected with the third great recruiting ground of France's exotic soldiers: the region between Saint-Louis at the mouth of the Senegal River and Timbuktu on the Niger, with certain stretches of the Sahara and a part of the coast lands along the Gulf of Guinea. Indeed, it was precisely in this region that both Gallieni and Joffre won fame; Gallieni through a charming book, to be found in the Congressional Library at Washington, describing his first journey through lion-haunted forests between the Senegal and Niger, and Joffre by his brilliant conquest of Timbuktu, an account of which forms almost the only incursion into literature of Joffre the Taciturn. Gallieni, in the book we have mentioned, tells a charming story of a great coal-black Senegalese who was in one of the bands that fought against him and who was brought to earth by a French sabre slash. The black giant came in to Gallieni's camp bandaged and wreathed in smiles and declared that he certainly must enlist forthwith in a troop that could do sword work like that! He did, and fought gallantly by Gallieni's side in many a hot encounter after that.



TONKINOISE FROM FRENCH EAST INDIA IN THE GALLIENI CAMP AT ST. RAPHAEL, FRANCE.

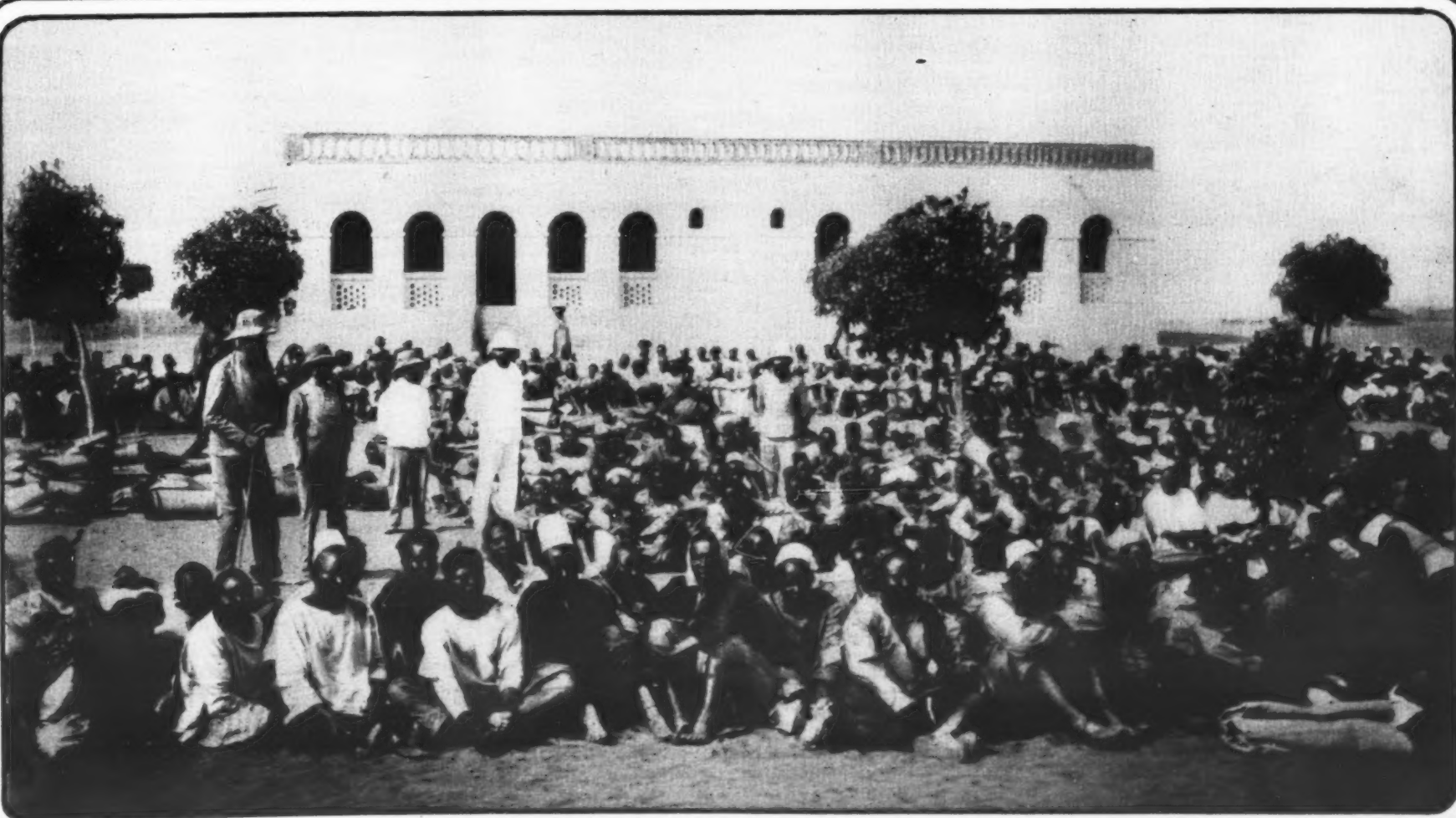


TURCOS AND ZOUAVES, TWO TYPES OF ALGERIAN SOLDIERS, AT PLAY IN THEIR FRENCH CAMP.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

As soldiers the Tonkinese may be compared with the Japanese, or with some of England's Burman regiments. The Moors of Algeria and Morocco are more like the heroes of Kipling's magnificent poem concerning certain African warriors who "didn't give a damn for a regiment of British infantry." And there is a good deal of Fuzzy-Wuzzy in the Senegalese also, with a hearty contempt for ugly wounds and death. They go to a battle as men go to a feast.

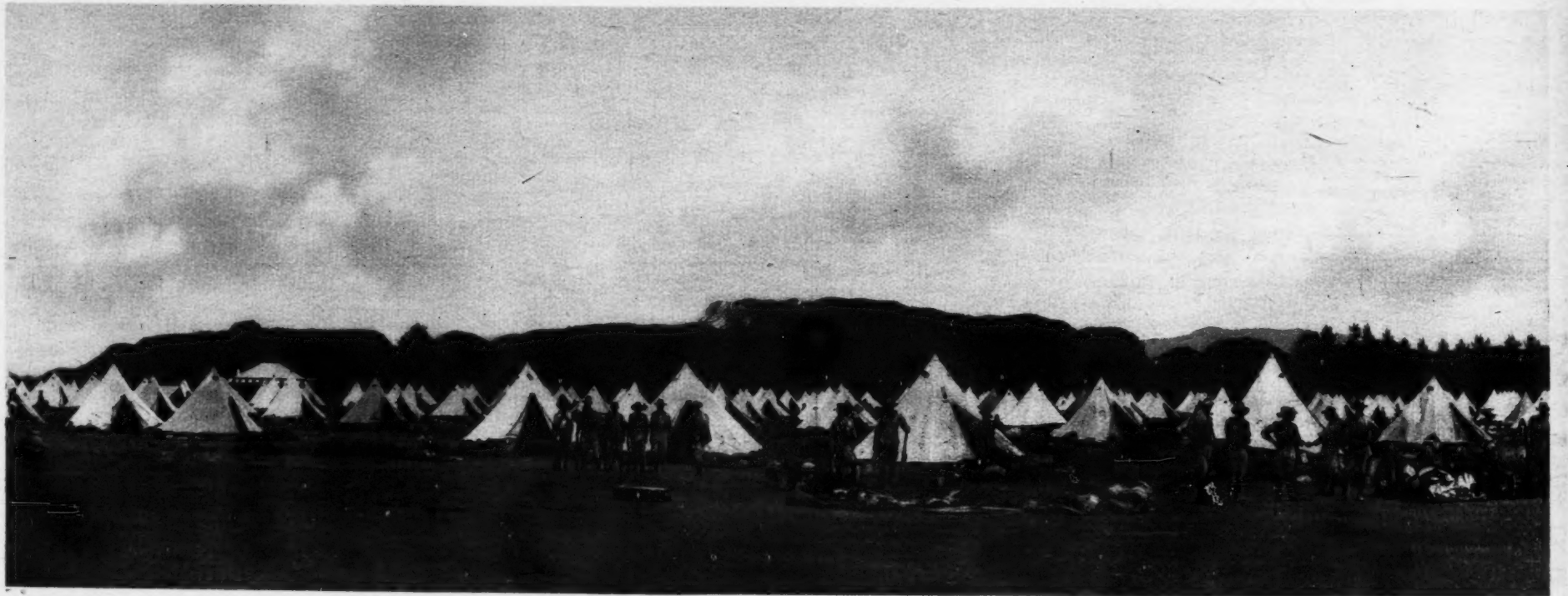
But France's colonial empire is worldwide, only less extensive than England's; and from every remote corner have come recruits to the great conflict. One contingent, small but valorous, comes almost from our own doors: from the little island group of St. Pierre et Miquelon, under New Foundland, whose fisher folk have left the banks and their small cottages along the fog-swept beaches to cross the wide ocean and fight for France.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.



SENEGALIAN VOLUNTEERS IN FRENCH WEST AFRICA AWAITING TRANSPORTATION TO THE FRENCH WAR CAMPS.
(Press Illustrating Co.)

WAR-TIME SCENES FROM



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BURGHERS' MILITARY CAMP AT WYNBERG, A SMALL TOWN



THE HORSE CORRAL AT THE VOLUNTEERS' CAMP AT GREENPOINT, A SUBURB OF CAPE TOWN



A HORSE LINE ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES LONG AT WYNBERG. IN THE BACKGROUND

(Photos from Press)

MAY
Illustrated

THURSDAY
AUGUST 10, 1910

FAR-DISTANT CAPE COLONY



TOWN ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM CAPE TOWN. THE CAPITAL OF CAPE COLONY.



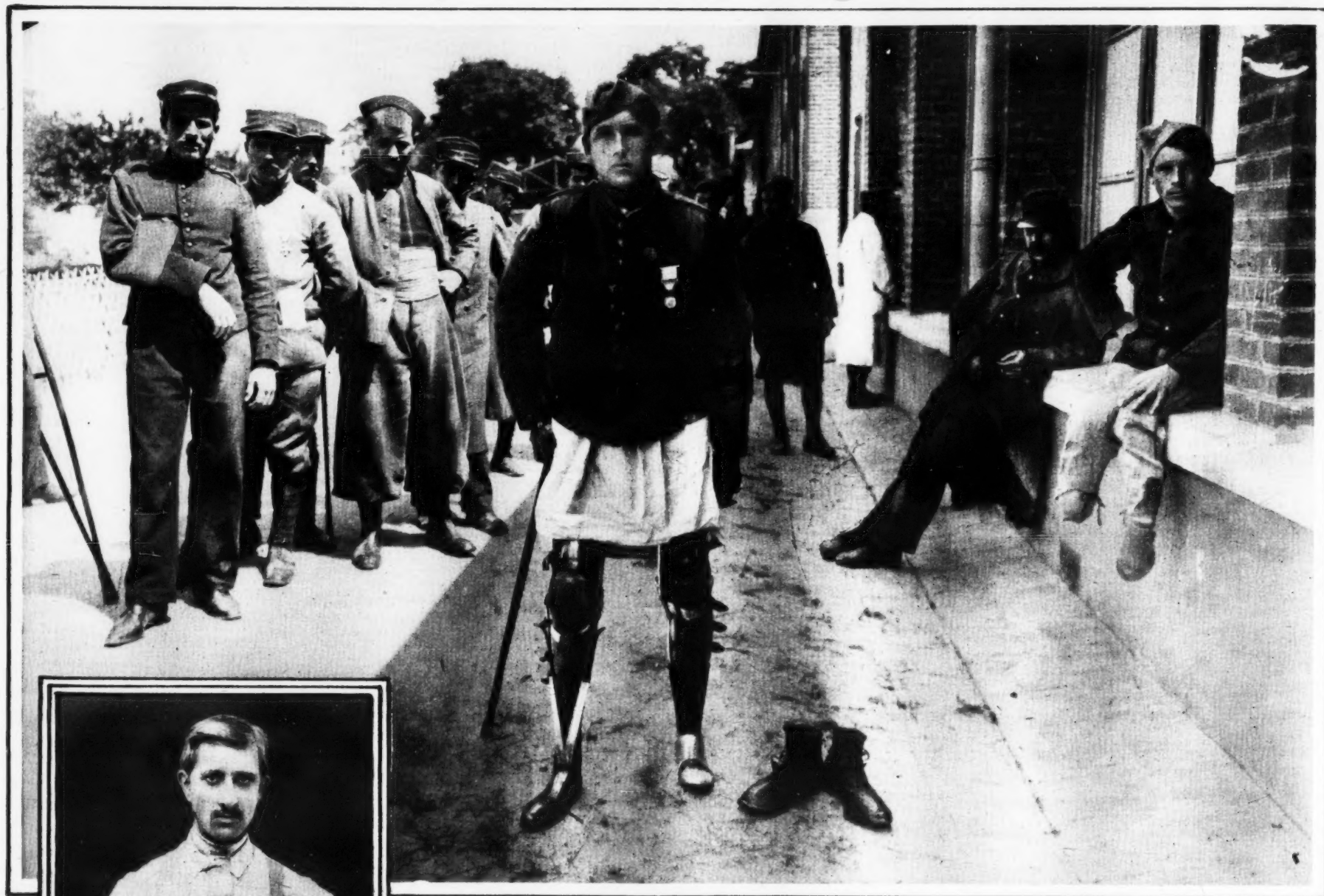
OF CAPE TOWN AND AT THE EXTREMITY OF THE AFRICAN CONTINENT.



MAY BE SEEN WYNBERG HILL, WITH FAMOUS TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

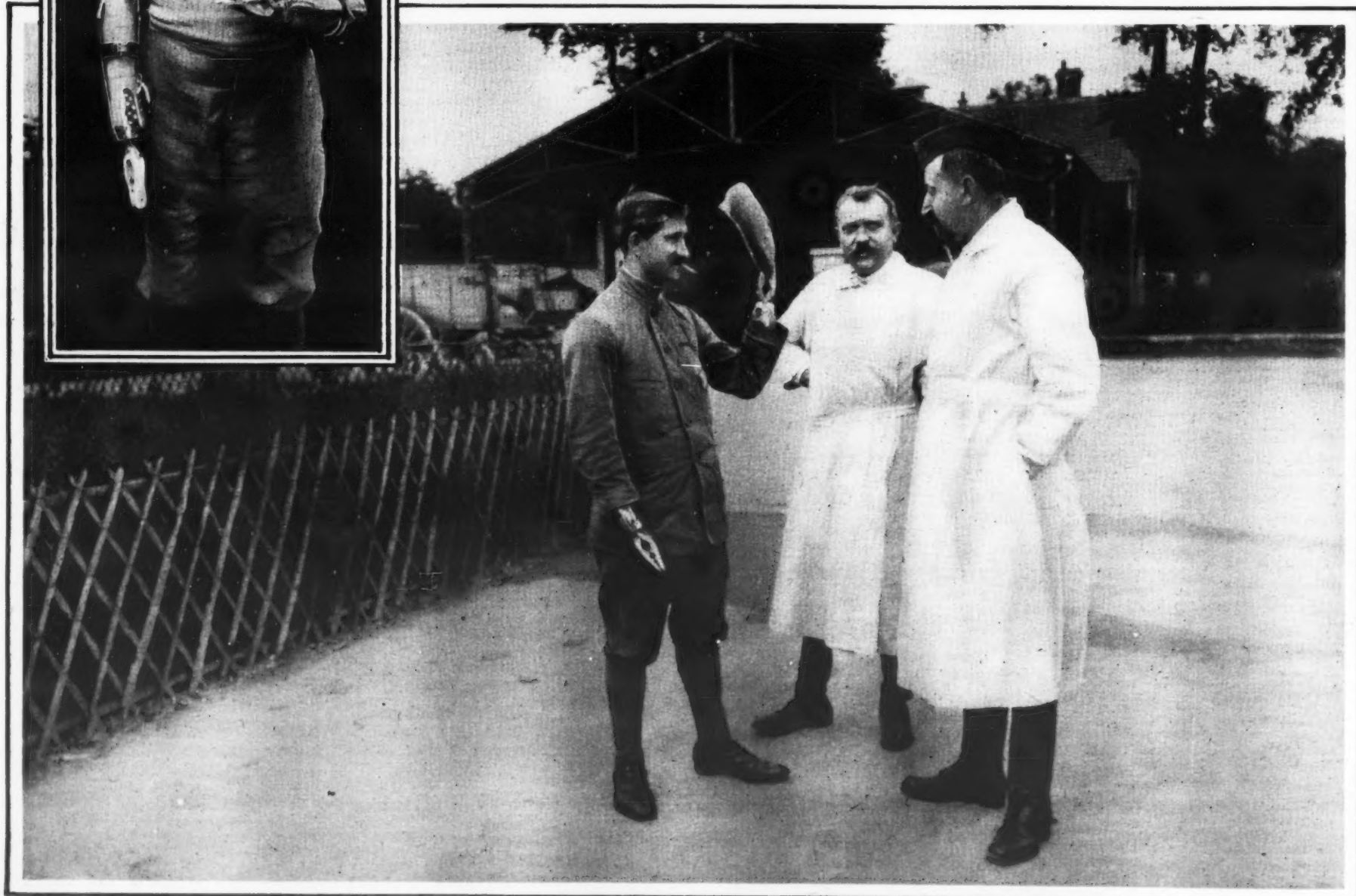
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French Ingenuity Aids the Legless and Armless



(At left) A detailed view of the apparatus which in the picture below is partially compensating the crippled soldier for the loss of both his hands.

A young French soldier decorated for bravery who, with both legs replaced by artificial limbs, is learning to walk without aid.



WITH BOTH HANDS LOST, THIS SOLDIER, BY THE AID OF HIS NIPPER-LIKE SUBSTITUTES, SEEMS TO GET ALONG WITH SOME COMFORT AND MUCH PHILOSOPHY.
(Photos, Paul Thompson.)

Giant Missile Hurled by the New French Guns



Hoisting to the gun platform one of the huge high-explosive shells fired by the great French guns of four hundred milimetres, or approximately sixteen inches muzzle diameter which have recently made their appearance in the north of France. The gun in question is being fired from a cantilever railway truck which serves as its gun carriage. This French gun is said to be the equal of the famous Austrian forty-two centimetre Skoda mortar, used by the Germans with deadly effect on the Belgian forts in the beginning of the war; it is operated, however, not as a mortar but as the other pieces of long artillery.

The Galician Capital Threa



A street scene in Lemberg, the capital of Galicia and its most important city, whose capture seen
(Underwood & Underwood)

threatened by the Russians



the capture seems threatened by the steady advance of the Russian armies under General Brusiloff.
(wood & Underwood.)

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